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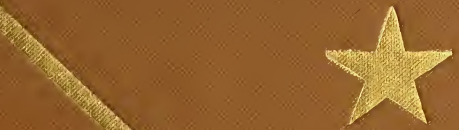

The Winged Ship

By Solon L. Goode

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THE WINGED SHIP.

BY SOLON L. GOODE.

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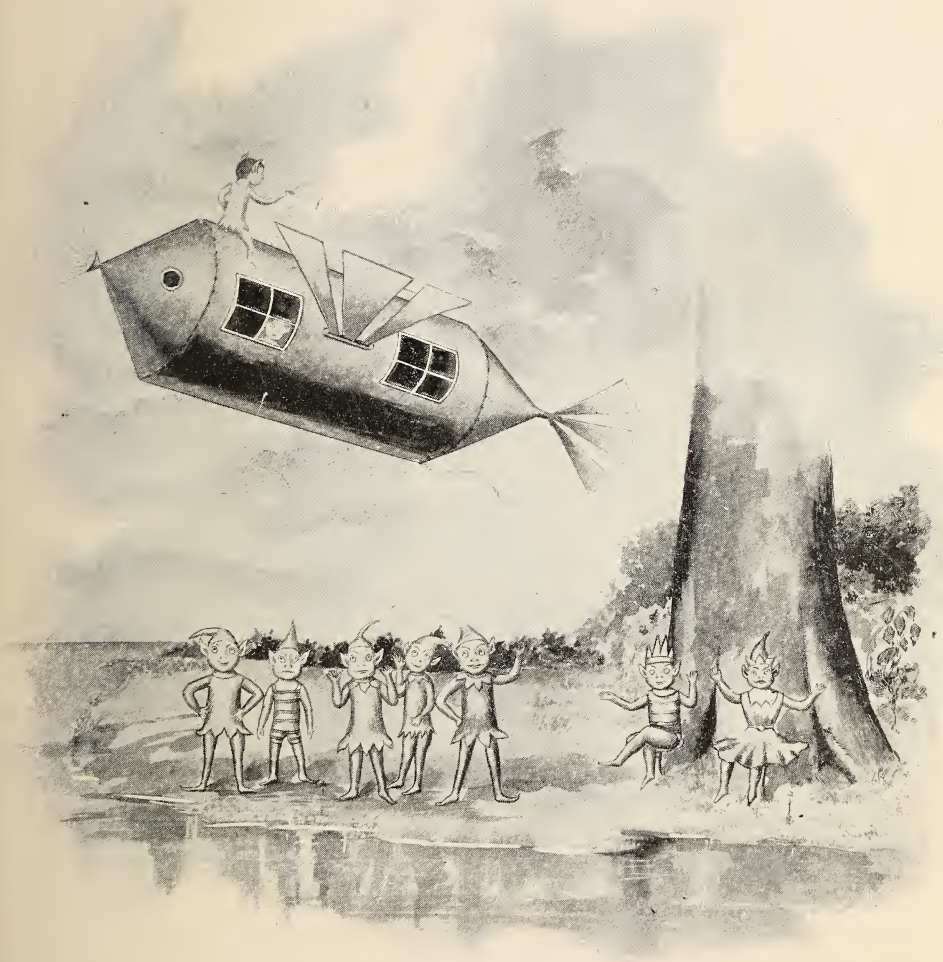


They built a weird ship which would sail through the air.

PREFACE.

(*With apologies to Palmer Cox's Brownies.*)

My little boy who had recently passed through a mild but prolonged attack of scarlatina, was ill with measles a second time. In order to amuse him during his tedious confinement and convalescence, I hastily sketched the following verse, with others, which I illustrated with my pen in the crudest fashion, but to the very best of my artistic ability:

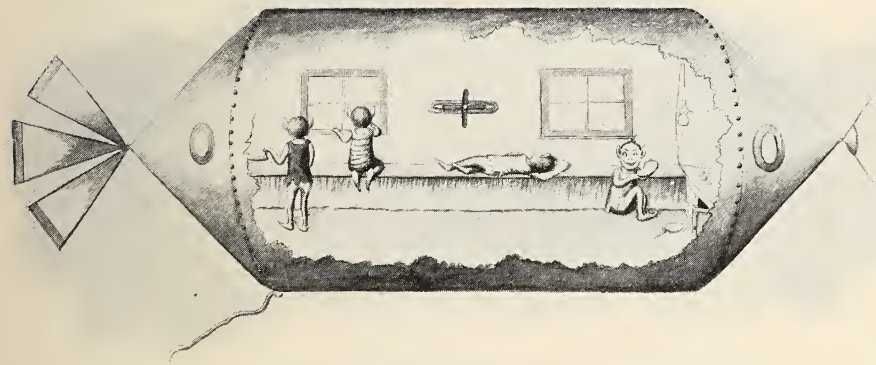
My sweetheart is a Brownie,
And sweet as Brownies be.
His eyes are brown, his hair is brown,
A regular Brownie is he.
He has just had scarlatina,
And Brownie measles, too.
He catches all the microbes out,
As all little Brownies do.
He has a wheel and rides it fast—
Just like a Brownie should.
My Brownie's name, as you must know,
Is little JAMIE GOODE.

The pleasure this crude jingle—and still cruder pictures—gave to him, suggested the idea of more verses, which might possibly entertain other boys and girls while convalescing from childhood's numerous ills. I wrote the lines while on the train en route from Washington to Indianapolis, and I modestly dedicate them to my own little Brownie and all the dear restless and afflicted children on this great round globe.

THE AUTHOR

THE WINGED SHIP.

In bright Elfin Land, far o'er the Shetland lea,
Four Sprites of renown new worlds set out to see.
They built a weird ship which would sail through the air,
But whence would they go? O, they did not care where.
They had most queer names, these dear frolicksome boys;
They where Yinks and Blucks, little Blinks and Samois.



He had slipped in the pantry that morn on the sly
And had eaten the whole of a big pumpkin pie.

Their sad mothers cried, and with quiver of lip,
Prayed that the dear boys might return from the trip.
The king and the queen of this fair Elfin Land,
Blessed all of these sons with their uplifted hand.
While the natives looked with fear and great dread,
These brave honored sons swiftly sailed overhead.
Their ship now soared on high and up so very far,
It soon came in contact with a constellation star;
And, from this twinkling orb, they plucked some
yellow gold,
For use in rainy days, when they were gray and old.

Then from old Sol, bright rays they gathered, too,

To dissipate the clouds while they were passing through.

They had a long talk with the Man in the Moon,

Who told them his name was old Paddy Muldoon.

The Sun and Muldoon had a spicy debate

On silver and gold and the money "inflate."

The sun was in favor of no silver at all;

The Moon would have silver or else have a brawl.

Paddy's face grew as white as a round silver dollar,

While Sol. blushed as red as his gold-colored collar.

A curious old woman swept the webs from the sky.

Then the Sprites took a vote to decide the dispute;
The result was a tie—neither side could they suit.
So the matter was sent to the councils of men,
There to be settled, but when, oh dear, when?
Now, in the ship's larder were sugar and pie,
For which little Blinks too often would sigh;
But the key of the place was kept by his brother,
With strictest injunction from little Blinks' mother.
One day, in a corner, like Jack Horner of old,
Sat Blinks doubled up with cramping and cold.

He had slipped in the pantry that morn on the sly

And had eaten the whole of a big pumpkin pie.

He felt like the whale after Jonah it swallowed;

Sometimes he would groan and then fairly "hollered."

He was now being taught a lesson most sad:

Stolen fruit, although sweet, oft stings very bad.

Of paregoric and ginger, they gave him a dose,

And the larder thereafter was watched very close.

While they roamed with great pleasure these heights up on high,

A curious old woman swept the webs from the sky.

Whispers oft heard they of cherubic lyres.

THE WINGED SHIP.

As bright spirits in white, winged by in their flight,
Most entrancing the strains which gave soul delight.
As sweet welcome sounds to their sensitive ears,
Came music angelic from heavenly spheres.
Tho' no visions caught they of seraphic choirs,
Whispers oft heard they of cherubic lyres.
Of gates of pearl a glimpse they had,
At sight of which their hearts were glad.
But they saw not the sign to "enter in"
For the human race with its load of sin.

THE WINGED SHIP.

A white-winged guard with sword in hand,
Stood by this gate of the Glory Land.
So, about they turned, and down they went,
As if on angel mission sent.
Through clouds and mist they pushed their way
From heaven's land towards a land of clay.
They waved at sweet Venus, the Goddess of Love;
Said Blucks to the boys, "she's as sweet as a dove;
Her face is so fair and her teeth are so white,
A prize would she prove to any loved sprite.

A white-winged guard with sword in hand,
Stood by this gate of the Glory Land.

If Cupid would shoot her, I'd marry the dear;

But then, folks at home might think it was queer.

No, I'll be true to my duckie I left on the strand,

Like Gideon of old with his toes in the sand."

One evening while at tea there was sadness in their looks;

"Our store is running low," said the sad-eyed, mournful Blucks.

"Think of starving in space with a ship just full of gold,

But whence or where to go to where good eatables are sold?"

"I know what we can do," as he flung away his toys,

Said smiling little Blinks, while he looked up at the boys.

"O yes, you know a heap," with a sneer upon his lip,
Replied his Brother Yinks, as he took a strong fresh grip
Upon the yielding helm and struck straight out for land,
Just as little Blinks walked up and took him by the hand.
"I know I may be little and not as old as you,
But I have a sort of notion just what we ought to do.
Do you see yon shining path, over by that row of stars?
If you will push that way, we can fill up all our jars.
For once my mamma told me, when I was at my play,
That yonder glinting path was the well-known Milky Way.

They waved at sweet Venus, the Goddess of Love.

By special permission of the proprietors of Sozodont,
Messrs. Hall & Ruckel, New York.

And there's the little Dipper, 'tis burnished bright as gold,

So we can fill our ship, if any milk is sold."

Now this wise speech of Blinks, made his brother hang his head;

He had sneered at little Blinks and was 'shamed of what he said.

So with hopefulness and cheer, they sailed over towards the place,

As if they had entered in a lively sculling race.

Soon they were dipping up the richest kind of milk,

And skimming off the cream, which was as fine as silk.

Their ice-chest was soon full—there was no room for more,

And they were more than happy—all danger now was o'er.

Then they took a jolly notion—a sort of foolish whim,

('Twas what an actress did on earth), they actually took a swim

Right in the stream of milk of that flowing milky way,

Bathing for an hour or more in its refreshing spray.

Then steered they to the moon, in the gentle evening breeze,

Slashing from her silvery shores some slices of green cheese.

They saw the Cow jump over the moon.

With milk and cheese to eat, and the kisses Venus threw,

No happier beings could be found than this lively little crew.

At sweetmeat lunch one day at noon,

They saw the Cow jump over the moon.

She switched her tail and gave a bawl

Like thunder blast in tempest's squall.

The scene was weird and strange withal,

And thus through fear there came a fall.

Yinks, at the helm, let go his hold,

And the ship shot down like lightning bolt.

They flew by Jupiter, Saturn and Mars,
And myriads of other twinkling stars.
For days and weeks they continued to drop;
"Upon my soul will we never stop?
Is this the abyss which none can measure?
What use then to us is golden treasure?"
Now adown their sad cheeks the warm tears flowed fast,
Expecting each moment would sure be their last;
And clasping each other with pressure of hand,
Bade forever adieu to loved Elfin Land.

They saw, far below, a land sunny bright.

THE WINGED SHIP.

No tender mother's arms or soft downy breast
Would e'er pillow their heads or give them sweet rest.
O, forever now lost in vast oceans of space,
Was this little remnant of the dear Elfin race.
Now fierce storms quick arise, and lightnings wild flash,
While the deep thunders roll with terrible crash.
Their hearts have grown heavy—heavy as lead—
And they wish for themselves that they were now dead.
See! a bright rainbow appears—a promise of old,
In the midst of the clouds of silver and gold;

And, behold! far below, a land sunny bright,
Neither sheened with gold nor laved in white,
Were fields of verdure and trees of green,
Like velvet drape with translucent sheen.
They view broad acres of waving grain,
And flowers and blossoms kissed by the rain,
Pure streams of silver from fountains bright,
Were bathed in clear beams of livid light.
The glory and splendor of this verdure land
Gave them new hope, so they took helm in hand.

They saw on a tree the tails of the Sheep * * *
And the Beggar, whose clothes were all tattered and torn,
Was milking the Cow with the crumpled horn.

Thus the ship was soon righted and under control
And no one was lost—not one Elfin soul.
Rejoicing at safety and the sight of this land,
They sank on their knees with harps in their hand.
So they sailed o'er this earth—o'er its ocean and lea
Marvelous sights to behold—strange wonders to see.
They saw on a tree the tails of the Sheep
Which caused so much sorrow to little Bopeep,
And the Beggar, whose clothes were all tattered and torn,
Was milking the Cow with the much crumpled horn.

THE WINGED SHIP.

They saw the old Cat with his hey-diddle-diddle,
Who played them a tune on his lively old fiddle,
And the dear old Woman who lived in a shoe—
They threw her some gold and said, "How do you do?"
They wept o'er the Babes who were lost in the wood
Whom the robins covered o'er the best that they could.
They met Red Riding Hood and Old Mother Goose;
And Jolly King Cole and his fiddlers let loose;
Also Giant Killer Jack with his wonderful boots;
And the five little Pigs with their rooty-toot-toots.

They wept o'er the Babes who were lost in the wood

The world seemed so bright, could there be any sorrow?
But, alas, for the day-dawn of the coming to-morrow.
On bright Easter morn when stars sing their song,
They beheld the fierce Turk, with crescent and wrong,
Take the life of his fellows with demon-like hand—
Red rivers of blood ran deep thro' the land.
The crushed and the wounded with anguish were crying,
And sad was this world, with its dead and its dying.
Yet, midst these wild scenes of carnage and blood,
Were hearts which were true and those which were good.

Kind hands were extended to those deep in distress,
And men ever stood ready the needy to bless.
In temples of worship with the spires to the sky,
Sweet anthems arose to the Lord up on high.
Pervading the earth like song rippling rill,
Was the spirit of peace and kindly good will.
Looking down into homes where was suffering and want
They dropped some star gold as onward they jaunt;
Turning tears and deep sorrow into weeping for joy,
They gave pleasure to all without any alloy.

They beheld the fierce Turk, with crescent and wrong.

THE WINGED SHIP

Their sunbeams were scattered wherever they went,
Like angels of light which kind heaven had sent.
But the wonder of mortals at the sight of this ship,
Caused hearts to beat fast and paled many a lip.
Soaring hither and thither like some monstrous bird,
The like of its weirdness never was heard.
Its headlight electric shone forth like a sun,
Its wings flapped swiftly, like a demon it run;
Its tail, like a vulture, settling down on its prey,
Was a specter at night and a wonder by day.

A long rope hung behind, to the end was a stake,
Which looked at a glance like a great writhing snake.
That curiosity ofttimes will bring to us pain,
The elves here now learned, as again and again,
They ventured too low to the earth in their ship.
They went once too often, hence near had a bad slip.
They saw some gay soldiers with gun and with cap;
"We'll see what they are—we don't give a rap."
So they sailed very low, till they heard the men talk
And watched them in marches most gracefully walk.

The soldiers were dazed with the shower of white.

Before they could think of what they had done,
The ship's shadow had fallen and darkened the sun
Where the soldiers were standing—of course they looked up,
And the bold captain shivered like a yelping young pup,
At the wonderful sight above the church spire.
But his courage returned—he commanded to "fire!"
"Now what will we do?" said Yinks to Samois.
"Why, shoot off our air gun, my gallant brave boys."
With the whitest of flour they filled the gun to its muzzle—
Some cod-fish balls added as a sort of a puzzle.

Puff! Off went the gun—a white cloud fell below,
Which shielded the ship as upward they go.
The soldiers were dazed with the shower of white;
It covered their clothes and blinded their sight.
A ball of the cod struck the captain's left ear,
And he fell to the ground with trembling and fear.
When the panic was over, they looked for the barque;
It had risen so high that 'twas merely a spark.
The queer cannon balls which fell on the ground
A chemist examined to learn what was found.

While the people of earth all continued to wonder.

With acids and glasses and all manner of stuff,
The wise man of science now found quite enough.
There was a bone of a fish and some of its meat,
"The story is fishy," his report did repeat.
Then the learned man of science just gave a sly wink
And away from the crowd attempted to slink.
But the papers were full of the wonderful thing,
And the stories they told had a curious ring.
Not from fear, but for fun, the elves flew very high;
Thus kept mortals a guessing what was up in the sky.

L. of C.

Some thought it fair Venus broke loose from her sphere,
And was cutting up capers in this troublesome year.
But the elves only laughed and enjoyed the huge blunder,
While the people of earth all continued to wonder.

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